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East Saginaw, August 4, 1860. HESS. P. M.

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East Saginaw, February 5, 1861.

Selected Poetru.

THE "HOUSEHOLD DIRGE." I've lost my little Mary at last ! She perished in the Spring,

And earliest birds to sing;

I laid her in a country grave, A rural, soft retreat,

A marble table o'er her head, And violets at her feet. I would that also was back again,

In all her childish blos My joy and hope have followed her,

I know that she is gone away, I know that she is fied,

I cannot make her dead? I wake the children op at dawn, our picks may save us ?"

knew not but that he might be digging

a hundred men crowded to wait for death,

or an almost impossible chance for relief

avenues and chambers, and then seemed

dreadful. Not more than a day's provis-

the falling rocks while hastily digging

the new chamber. The long dismal hours

with no change to mark them, brought

Courage, brave Hubert! God who

saw thy noble sacrifice, will help these?"

The terrified friends and townsmen

on hearing Victor's dreadful news, ran

soon, guided by the message Hubert had

sent, they commenced working a new

shaft as near as possible to the spot

where the hapless men might be. Five

days and nights they toiled, digging

deeper into the solid side of the moun

"It is a vain task," said the men. But

At length, on the morning of the sixth

day, the muffled sound of blows from

nal ran along the rope, and told the news

to the waiting multitude above, who rent

munication was made. They were saved

Who can imagine the finitings of the unfortunate men, buried for five days and

nights without food, when first the day

gleamed in upon them, revealing a hu-

This noble act, done in a place and at

When God unfolds in heaven the secret

stand revealed, whom the earth and the

waves have covered sending no testimony

CHAMPION ROWING MATCH.-By the

in secret shall reward them openly."

at least some were saved!

to tell the story.

the rest of his life.

the women cried. "Do not cease! God

the advance of almost certain death.

wildly about in hopeless panic.

The water gradually filled all the old

And draw them round the morning meal, But one is missing there,

I see a little chair aport A little plumfore.

And Memory fills the vacancy, I sit within my room and write The lone and weary hours

And miss the little maid again, Among the window flowers, And miss her toys beside

My deak in ellent play, And then I turn to look for her, But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen and hark, And catch the faintest sound, She must be playing hide and seek In shady nooks around;

She'll come and climb my chair again, I heard a stiffed laugh but no, She cometh, nevermore I waited only yester-night,

The evening service read, And lingered for my idol's kiss,

Forgetting she had gone before, In slumbers soft and sweet, A monument above her head, And violate at her fast!

A TRUE HERO.

The highest heroism is not seen on the battle field, where men engage in mutual butchery to avenge wrongs, real or imaginary, but it is witnessed in the fear-within met the ears of the shaft. A sigful casualties of life, where self-possession and steadfastness of will save many from destruction; and in the trials of life, the air with joyful shouts. Soon a comwhere a serene patience and resignation take the sting from the sharpest trials.

Here is a beautiful illustration:

My young cousin Henry had been reading Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte.

One evening as we sat together, he lay down his book, and with glowing cheeks

and sparkling eyes, exclaimed: "Wasn't he the most splendid man them Hubert, Without him, indeed, that ever lived? I'd give anything to be probably no one would have been spare!

half as great !" Mr. Abbott's portraits so carefully conceals the blemishes of his hero, and is a moment when no praise of man could set withal in so dazzling a frame, that have been looked for, echoed throughout I could not wonder at the boy's cuthu- Europe, and obtained the praise and grat-

siasm in contemplating it. But I said: itude of the world. The ten thousand "Your chance of being half as great miners of Liege hailed their fellow laboras Bonaparte is very good, I think -- er with delight and pride. Napoleon That is not always great which consists heard and admired in his palace in Paris, in brilliant achievement. The brightest and sent a reward to the peasant noble greatness is moral; and seeks the good of men. He sent him his Cross of Honor others, rather than its own glory. I the mark which all the high and great could tell you of a more noble hero than coveted, and, better still, offered him a

Napoleon, who lived in his own time." | pension which raised him above want for "I should like to hear of one," answered Harry, with an air that said he was not to be convinced. But he still loved charity of men, many such heroes shall

a story, so I told him the following: Years ago in the deep heart of a mountain in Belgium, a hundred men were to the world. "Their Father who seet

working a coal mine.

Grim-visage and dusky, moving about by the duli red light of their safetylamps, they might have been mistaken Canada's mails, Mr. Farish, the represenfor the demons of the mountains, once tative of Robert Chambers, the champi supposed by the peasants to dwell in the on of English carsmen, has received a caves. The work was hard, surrounded letter from him enclosing the articles of by dangers; but their wives and children agreement for the great international were in the hamlet above, and long habit made them forget their perils. So champion of the American waters. The articles of agreement set forth that the they might be contented and happy.

The creaking windlass raised and low- men shall row a right-away sculler's race ered a huge bucket through the deep and of five miles with the stream, without narrow shaft, carrying men and tools to fouling, on the Hudson River, for \$2,000 and from. This was their only door- a side, Chambers to receive \$500 for his

It was noonday, and the sun shone Chambers, and the sum of \$1,250 on the down one side of the shaft, and brought part of Ward, to be deposited in the a glimmer of daylight to a part of the hands of ---, the stakeholder, before mine, when Hubert Coffin, the master Chambers leaves England, and the reminer, took his place in the great kettle, maining sum of \$750, on the part of and was let down to the mine many feet Chambers, and the sum of \$1,250 on the below. When he reached the bottom, part of Ward, to be deposited in the he commenced handing some tools and hands of said —, within 21 days after stores to Victor, a blind miner who was Chambers' arrival in the United States, waiting there. Victor had left a sick when the day of rowing must be agreed child in one of the cottages, and it was on, such day of rowing to be within 21 to enquire after him that he stood wait- days after the whole of money is deposing at the bottom of the shaft.

g at the bottom of the shaft.

The bucket was soon emptied, and they to choose a referee, whose decision, Hubert was just stepping out, when, in case of dispute, shall be final. The What sound was that which made men to start, by mutual consent, from tow his cheek pale? It was the rushing and boats or buoys, placed 25 yards apart, trinkling of water. The next moment and to toss for choice of sides, after which he caught sight of a stream forcing itself boats or buoys have been placed. No through a fissrue in the mountain close steamboats, cutters, or craft of any desto the shaft. Hubert's long experience cription, or parties in such steamboats, instantly showed him their full danger. cutters or craft, to interfere with the con-It was not a feeble oczing stream, but a mighty pressure of water that had found its outlet here. They would be over-the whole of the stakes.

One foot was yet in the bucket-a jerk at the rope would save him. But arate government is gaining ground in though death stared him in the face, he Ireland. Large meetings in its favor could not sacrifice others to save himself. have been held in all parts of the island

and we are probably lost; but we will tures. The stand taken by the British seek refuge at the further end of the gal-

COURTING.

The mine consisted of long, narrow passages, and on all sides deep caves There are few married men who could from which the coal had been dug. The not, if they would, relate some interestmen were all at the further end of the ing incident connected with their courtmine, hewing out the solid mountain, ing experience, and there are few ununconscious of danger. Hubert quickly married folks of either sex who do not made his way along the dark passage, take naturally to just that style of narfollowed by the swift spread-ing water, rative. Everybody expects to be marand soon reached his fellow-workmen ried at one time or another, and consewith the dreadful intelligence. It was quently everybody is anxious to know a moment of panic, when each would how everybody else has crossed the mar-ried Rubicon, and managed the ticklish have rushed to certain death in a vain effort to save himself. But looking firmbusiness. "J. W. M." explains to us how sly into their ghastly faces, the master he came to be married: poke a few courageous sentences :

"It may be funny, but I've done it; I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows "Follow my words, lads, and be quick departed-oyster stews, brandy cock-Then came a few steady, quick comtails, eigar- boxes, boot jack, absconding mands, to hollow a new chamber above shirt buttons, whist and dominoes. Shadthe level the water would probably reach. The men obeyed in silence, though each ows present-hoop skirts, band-boxes, ribbons, gaiters, long-stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chair. his own grave. A hundred pair of hands cradles, bits, pap, sugar teats, paregoric, soon finished the work, and into the cave hive grup, castor oil, Godfrey's cordial, soothing syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squills, and doctors' bills. Shalows future-more 9-pound babies, more hive

stayed. Never was a situation more "I'll just tell you how I got caught. I was always the darndest, most tea-cusions had been saved, and already two or tard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it three of their number had been killed by was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twasen't because I didn't like the critters for was I behind a fence looking through ome, because I was too bashful to face party would break up so I could get to my room. I smoked up a banch of igars, and as it was getting late and climb upon the door post. No sooner said than done, I soon found myself anur in bed. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'let her rip-dance till your wind gives out,' and adling under the quilts, Morpheus grab-

> rap, then Lib sings out;" "Jack, are you in there?"

Of the hundred who had been impris ioned, over seventy survived, and with

"Let us in,' says she."

"Are you abed?" "Get up."

ler, I began to get riled. 'Get out, you closely on each other's footsteps

wanting to get in! If I had stopped to most approved fashion. think, I should have packed on the spot, The singing was repeated several

"O, my leghorn! cries one." expenses, the sum of \$750 on the part of erful good. I believe I could have kiss ed that girl from Julius Casar to Fourth

> "Jack,' says she, 'we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?" "Yes, I will,' and I did do it, and another smack at the gate, too. After that, we took a kinder turtle-doveing after each other, both of us sighing like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.'

"Twas at the close of a glorious summer day-the sun was fast setting behind a distant hoggen-the chickens were going to roost-the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs-the pollywogs in their native puddles were prepairing themselves for the shades of the night-and Sal and myself sat upon an IRRLAND .- The movement for a sepantiquated black log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads rooster and grunting pigs, and now and then the Quickly jumping out and seized blind and an address to the Queen of England, wellow music of a distant jackass was Victor, and placed him in the bucket, and the privilege of self-government, has that sighed along the mullen stalks, and saying quickly, as he jerked the rope: and the privilege of self-government, has that sighed along the mullen stalks, and o'Tell them the water has burst in, obtained over twenty thousand signa-came heavily laden with the delicious odor of hen roosts and pig sties. The last glittering rays of the setting sun, glanceing off the brass buttons of a soligovernment in favor of the right of the last glittering rays of the setting sun, MUSIC! MUSIC!

TUST received a large lot of Sheest Music, which in a moment he was gone, and with him people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government in favor of the right of the setting sun, people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own government is used with great force in support of their demand by the people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own rulers and their own government in favor of the right of the setting sun, people of Italy to select their own rulers and their own rulers and their own rulers and their own rulers are glanceing off the brass buttons of a soliwith an orange peel hue, and showing off two are all that are now left.

my thread bare coat to a bad advantage one of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand rested on the small of her back she was toying with my auburn locks of jet black hue-sho was always gone

the notes of a dying swan, will you have me? She turned her eyes heavenward moor, or what in Scotland would have clasped me by the hand, had an attack been called such. The time was near clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the blind staggers, and with a sigh the end of November, a fierce wind rate that drew her shoe strings to her palate, tled the boughs of the only naked tree and the road none of the best. Night said,

in my lap-she cork-screwed and l curtill I broke my suspenders, and her breath tener, or whitened the angry redness of smelt of onions she ate the week before. the poor boys benumbed hands.

could walk as graceful as a couple of ity far beyond his years. given, and arm in arm we marched some, gray eyes. my cashmeres right under my dress coat ed setting the table for supper. tail. It was to late to back out, so clapping my hand over it, we marched in shoes, the door swung open with a quick a knot-hole I could not look at one long and were spliced. Taking a seat, I jerk and the "gudeman" presented himenough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I staid away from watched the 'kissing the bride' operation. self, weary with labor. My groomsman was tight, and he kissed A look of intelligence passed between her until I jumped up to take a slice, his wife and himself—he, too, scanned the music. I hung round the house, when, oh, horror! a little year old imp when, oh, horror! a little year old imp had crawled behind me, and pulling my evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless, made him come to the table, and then shirt through the hole in my pants, had curtains, and wishing the thundering I displayed to the admiring gaze of the ed his supper. astonished multitude a trifle more white eighty uncomfortable, I concluded to but was finally put to bed, and I got mad so the good couple, after due considermy troubles ended."

Singing in A Fashionable Church A short time sines, I attended service bed me. I was dreamed of soft shelled in one of our western churches. It was crabs and stewed tripe, and was having in one of the aristocratic institutions, a good time, when somebody rapped at where style and effect were carefully studmy door and waked me up. 'Rap, again ied.—The choir was placed behind the —I laid low. 'Rap, rap, rap.' Then I pulpit, and faceing the congregation. -I laid low. 'Rap, rap, rap.' Then I pulpit, and faceing the congregation. Service were opened with a voluntary on was a whole raft of girls outside. Rap, a miserable poor organ; the player was a iady, who as she entered the church and took her seat, left the impression on my "Yes, says I, and then came a roar of mind that I was attendeding some musiexhibition, for though not in full dress, her head was uncovered, her hair was quantity of ornaments. Her playing conof the day. The flute, tremulo-swell, and trumped were successively employed, and

cetticonted scarecrows,' I cried, 'can't After playing some ten minutes, she ou get a beau without hauling a fellow struck into an athem, and the choir out of bed? I won't go home with you. (which was composed of six or eight) I won't-so you may clear out;' and send- arose and commenced singing. There ing a boot at the door, I felt better, but were soles by the soprano, tenor, and pressently, oh, mortal buttons! I heard base, a duet and chorus, all enlivened by still small voice, very much like sister the full glory of operatic gestures, and Lib's, and it was:"

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all shouted, whispered, and coold till almost shouted, whispered, and coold till almost the girl's things are in there." every emotional state had been represent "Oh, what a pickle! Think of me, all ed-fear, despair, bliss, and ecstacy. overed over with shawls, muffs, bonnets Then the sounds died away, and the perand cloaks, and twenty girls outside formers sank into their seats after the

as it was, I rolled out among the bonnet times in a similar style, and then, while wire and ribbons in a hurry. Smash' a contribution was being collected, the vent the millinery in all directions. I organist played a showy piece on the orhad to dress in the dark-for there was a gan, the singers opened a lattice-work beerack in the door, and girls will peep. hind the pulpit, filed down into the body and the way I jumped about was death of the church and secured seats. When on straw hats. The critical moment the last piece of money had droopped incame. After running my hands all over to the box, the last note of music had my clothes to see that every thing was dropped into silence, and the player arose all right and tight. I opened the door and adjusted her cloak on her sholders, put found myself right among the women." on her hat and veil, and when the text guish growin vehement, and the tears had been read, sailed gracefully down the gushing out of his strange looking gray "My dear winter velvet! cries another, pulpit steps and scated herself in front and they pitched in-they pulled me this of the people. It being communion, none way and that, boxed my ears, and one of the singers returned to their seats, and bright-eyed little piece—Sal—, her the remainder of the singing was carried hungry. Oh! I hain't got no mother since and kissed me right on my lips. Human heard a few voices sounding as if their I way a baby." nature couldn't stand that, and I gave owners were astonished to find themher as good as she sent. It was the first selves singing in church, and it was im- poor boy, and he sank on his knees sob- wet grass. I found the door of its home time I ever got a taste, and it was 'pow- proper' or that they should sing too loud.

The choir retained their seats, and the the jail bird? speaker proceeded with his remarks. The final attempt of the choir was the exely say it was accouled, sure enough. The still. benediction being pronounced, we were played out of church with some brilliant peratic marching melody, and so ended my Sabbath experiences in a fashionable western church. I am Western myself, born and always brought up here, and I have heard occasionally fine specimens of church music here, and especially in some of the German churches in Cincinnati .-The singing in the church I have attempted to describe (now that I am away rom home) seemed to be so very much out of character, that I thought you and your readers might like to read of it, so have put it on paper .- Musical Review.

E Teru is coming into the world as

Z Twenty patriots of the Revolution died during the past year. Eighty-

The Little Outcast. "Main't I stay, ma'am? I'll do any thing you give me-cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands.'

The troubled eyes of the speaker filled, and I was ditto—she looked like a grasshopper dying with the hiccups. I felt
like a mud turtle choked with a codfish
ball. 'Sal,' says I, in a voice musical as his good intentions. The cottage sat by itself on a bleak

near the house, and fled with a shivering | cold and damp, overtook us eight or ten sound into the narrow doorway, as if seek-"She gave clear out then and squatted ing for warmth at the blazing fire within. Now and then a snow flake touched, ummuxed and rolled in it. I hugged with its soft chill, the cheek of the lis-

Well, to make a long story short, she set | The woman was evidently loth to grant the day, and we practiced every night the boy's request, and the peculiar look for four weeks how we would walk into stamped upon his features would have the room to be married, till we got as we suggested to any mind an idea of depray-

muscovie ducks. The night the compa- But her mother's heart could not resist ny and the minister came, the signal was the sorrow in those large, but not hand-

through the crowded hall. We were "Come in, at any rate, till the gudeman ust entering the parlor door, when down comes home; there, sit down by the fire; I went kerslay on the oil cloth, pulling you look perished with cold." And she sal after me. Some cursed fellow had drew a rude chair to the warmest corner, dropped a banana skin on the floor and then suspiciously glancing at the child it floored me. It split an awful hole in from the corners of her eyes, she continu-

Day after day passed, and yet the boy muslin than was pleasant. The women begged to be kept "only till to-morrow." docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him. One day, in the middle of winter, a

peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cettage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for. "You have a boy fout there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the

yard. "Yes: do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the pedler evasively. "And where?-who is he?-what is he? "A jail bird!" and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder, "that boy, "I wont, says I, 'can't you let a fellow claborately braided, and she wore a fair young as he looks, I saw in the court

look keerful arter him. Oh! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," that the poor woman Then came another laugh. By thun- crescondoes and diminuendoes followed trembled as she laid away her purchase, nor could she be easy till she had called the boy and assured him that she knew

the dark part of his history. Ashamed and distressed, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lip quivered, and anguish was painted vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were brand-

ed in his flesh.
"Wall," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off. "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my like Mrs. ——'s child.' trying to be better—everybody hates and "Now our neighbor had a child about "Now our neighbor had a child about

may as well go to ruin at once!" Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary; how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your

mother? "Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a rush of grief that was terrible to behold, "Oh! I hain't got no mother-oh! I hain't had no mother every since I was a baby. If Pa only a mother," he continued, his an eyes, "I wouldn't a beed bound out and kicked and cuffed, and laid on to with whips; I wouldn't got knocked down, and

bing great checking sobs, and rubbing I attended the same church on a differ- hot tears with his knuckles. And did ent day. The exercise were the same un- that woman stand there unmoved? Did til the commencement of the sermon. she boldly bid him pack up and be off-

No, no-she had been a mother, and, into bed. although all her children slept under the cution of an anthem. I think I may fair-

> She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly, on his head-to tell him to look up, and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm around the neck of that forsaken described child-:she ponred from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

-how soft was her pillow! She hall by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney linked a poor suffering heart by the most silken, the strongest bond of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path men should soize Time by the forelock, of a little shinning but striving mortal. for the rule old fellow, sooner or later, None but angels could witness her holy pulls all their hair out.

y and not envy. Never-he is with her still; a vigorous, place to an open, pleasing expression with depth enough to make it an interesting

knows no want. The once poor outcast

is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust. "He that saveth a soul from death hideth a multitude of sins."

Thrilling Ghost Story-The Childs

Ghost. The New York Presbyterian tells the

following story: We were returning from our spring miles from home, but only a short dis-tance from Judge Blank's; who, after we had arrived at his house, narrated the following unique tale. Said the Judge

"Years ago we had in our house a sweet little child, about four years of age, and the object, of course, of tender affection. But sickness laid its hand upon it. Remedies promptly resorted to, all prove in vain. Day after day the rose faded from the cheek, and the fire in the eyes burned low, and at length death closed those eyes and sealed those lips forever; and we learned by trying experience, how intense darkness follows the quenching of one of those little lights of

"The time rolling sadly on, brought us at length to the hour appointed for committing our treasure to the ordinary custody of the grave. The friends assembled, the customary services were held, the farewell taken, and the little form securely shut beneath the wellscrewed coffin lid, and in due form the grave received its trust. We looked on and saw the earth thrown in, the mound raised above; and the plats of sod neatly adjusted into a green sheltering roof, and then wended our way back to our desolate home. Evening came on and wore away. My wife had gone into an adjoining room to give some directions to a servant, and I, unfitted by the scene of the day for aught else, and just laid my head on my pillow in our room upon the first floor of the house, when I heard a shrick, and in a moment more my wife came flying into the room, and springing upon the bed behind me, exclaimed ;

"See there ! our child ! our child ! "Raising my head, my blood froze within me, and the hair upon my head stood up, as I saw the little thing in grave clothes, with open, but manifestly sightless eye, and pale as when we gave it the last kiss, walking towards us. Had I been alone-had not the extreme terror of my wife compelled me to play the man-I should have leaped from the window and bed without casting a look behind. But, not daring to leave her in such terror, I arose, sat down in a chair myself, and heard his sentence—ten and took the little creature between my sisted of snatches of fashionable airs, inmonths, he's hard one—you'd do well to knees—a cold sweat covered my body and gazed with feelings mutterable upon the object before me. The eyes were open in a vacant stare. The flesh colorless, cold and clammy; nor did the child appear to have the power of speech or hearing, as it made no attempt to answer any of our questions. The horror of our minds was the more intense as we had watched our child through its sickness and death, and had been but a few hours before eye witness of its interment. While gazing upon it and asking in my thoughts 'What can this extraordinary providence mean? for what can it be sent?' the servant girl, having erept to the door, after a time suggested, 'It looks

> the same age as ours, and its constant companion. But what could bring it to our home and in such a plight? the suggestion had operated as a sedative us more capable of calm reflection. And after a time, we discovered in truth that the grave clothes were night clothes, and the corpse a soumambulist. And it be came manifest that the excitement at tending the loss and burial of its play mate, working upon the child's mind i sleep, was the cause to which we were indebted for this untimely and startling

"Wiping away the prespiration and taking a few long breaths, I prepared to counter-march the little intruder back to its forsaken bed. Back we went, it keep ing at my side, though still asleep. The strength was all gone from the had walked quite a distance across the ajar, just as the fugitive had left it, and its eleeping parents unconscious of its absence. The door creaked as I pushed it open and awakened the child, who looked wildly around a moment and then popped

"Now, if it had not been for my wife ance of this apparation, have made a leap of uncommon agility from that window and after a flight of uncommon velocity for a person of my age and dignity, I should have been ready to take my oath in any court, either in Christendom or heather dom, that I had seen a ghost."

ond tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night chine with which he can cook his dinner,

Za It seems no more than right that

The Washington monument was

study. His foster-father is dead; his good commenced thirteen years ago, and is foster-mother—aged and sickly—but she still unfinished.